
John Allen Chalk: Personal Correspondence

John Allen Chalk

7-18-1963

From: Sue (his wife)

Sue Chalk

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Mrs. John Allen Chalk

Thursday night
July 18, 1963

My dear John Allen,

Well, Sara and Cliett have another girl!
It was born about two hours ago at
St. Thomas - weighed 7 pounds 8 oz.

Sara was in "beginning" labor yesterday
when we arrived and so Mother didn't
go on to Uncle Edward's. We are going
back to Cookeville early tomorrow (Friday),
and take Amy and Ray to Mother's.

I got all my "running around" done -
Mary Beth and I went to the dentist
this afternoon. And you would have
been so proud of your daughter. She
sat up so big and Dr. Tinsley checked
and cleaned them - without so much
as a "whimper." Her teeth, as well as
mine, were OK - just cleanings.
As a "reward", we stopped and got
peaches off a truck - Mary Beth got
out of the car and purchased them -
"all by n' self."

Yesterday afternoon I went to the
TV stamp place, and got a gift for
Mary Linda's and Sara's babies, and
a bumper pad for our baby bed. Also
went to several stores looking for
trimmings, buttons etc. for Mary
Beth's dresses. So this trip hasn't been
in "vain" - besides getting a little visit

with Sara. But I'll be glad to get home -
although I know I'll miss you
more than ever. Although you've been
gone only four full days, it
seems like four weeks!! I miss
you, Darling - Oh! so much! I feel
so completely empty inside. I can
hardly wait to get home and see
if I got a letter from you today.

Our Sunday school class hamburger
fry Tuesday night was very well
attended - probably 70 or 80. Since
Big Wes was "host", he didn't pass
the opportunity to talk about the
progress of Broad St. and its move.
He read the deed to Broad St.'s property -
to "prove there's nothing to these rumors
that the building can't be sold."

Well, better close and go mail this.
Also, it's bedtime for all the girls -
All sleepy, crying, etc.

Our expected move one is definitely
"on the move." I'll be eternally grateful
when you, Mary Beth, and I can be together.
Sometimes I wish we three lived
"a million miles" from everybody we ever
knew! Please write. I'll offer a special
prayer for you Sunday morning. How I'd love
to be there! We love and miss you. All my love,
Linda